THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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ADVENTURES *of a* FARTHING.

To the PRINTER of the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SIR,

NOT to trouble you with a long detail of particulars, as insignificant, perhaps, as foreign to the purpose, I shall, therefore, very abruptly acquaint you, that I was born in the county of Middlesex. My brethren being very numerous, I was put abroad when young, and first placed in the hands of an eminent bookseller, near St. Paul's. My master was a man of no mean abilities, was endowed with a liberal education, and had served his apprenticeship with one of the most capital booksellers in the city; he had been but a few years established in business, when, by his care and assiduity, he had acquired no inconsiderable fortune. In his till, therefore, near a purse of inestimable value, I remained some time, and had not an object of distress, who happened to pass by the door, implored his charity, perhaps I might have remained 'till this moment in the same situation. However, I now, for the first time, after a twelvemonth's oblivion, saw the light, and from this period began my travels through a fluctuating world.

My new master (for it happened to be a boy) struck with surprize, and amazed with the beauty and brightness of my appearance, for the first time hesitated a moment whether he should part with his delicious prize, or reserve it as a piece for his own private inspection; but the calls of nature, too potent for the ambition of the pocket, at last made him resolve to dispose of it at the first shop, where the appetite of the belly was to be supplied with its necessary gratifications. The first that presented itself was a stall of gingerbread; eager to seize the

delicious morsel, he threw me with an air of contempt upon the table, and snapt off the head of a king in an instant. I was now conveyed, with many of the fraternity, into a leathern pocket, which hung pendant to the string of an old woman's apron; but my stay here indeed was very short, for a little girl soon after wanting change for two pennyworth of nuts, I was, by her earnest entreaty, included in the exchange of prisoners. I was now the darling favourite of my mistress, who was the daughter of an eminent shoeblack in Holborn; here I remained upwards of a week, and had not the cursed itch of cards induced my little mistress to try her fortune at the game of one and thirty, I might have lived here some time. A farthing was the stipulated sum, and I had the misfortune to see a number of my fraternity fly to and fro, like birds of passage, within the extensive limits of a joint stool. However, though my mistress had one continued run of ill luck, yet as the splendid appearance of my complexion by far excelled those of my brethren, on that account I was reserved, until I found the whole royalty of the pocket only inhabited by myself.

I was now obliged, though with the utmost reluctance, to be withdrawn from my present situation, and deposited, like the rest, under the obscurity of an iron candlestick. The unlucky girl, eager to withdraw me from my dangerous situation, and racked between hope and fear, happened, in her confusion, to receive two cards instead of one; they made her out. Ah! what a fatal incident! reddening with anger, and ready to burst with indignation, the cards in a moment flew from her hands, and she exclaimed, with the most horrid imprecation, it was all a cheat. Her antagonists, who were none of the most reputable class, readily returned the charge with the same fluency of expression, and in short, without deliberating a moment to examine into the mistake, an engagement ensued; the candlestick, which had hitherto remained in one uninterrupted posture, was, together with the unfortunate stool, struck on the floor; and I, amidst the confusion of the fray, happened to be fastened to the bottom of one of her antagonist's shoes.

Here was a situation indeed, the worst I had ever known, though by good luck it was a situation in which I was not likely to remain long. In this manner, exposed to all the disagreeable reception of the streets, I was carried on, until, by stepping into a pool of water, I was released from my disagreeable situation, and immersed in the little vacuity of the deep. By good fortune the shower, which had just preceded my late deliverance, was now gone off, and the sun had, by its all-powerful influence, began to evaporate the genial moisture of the earth; when an elderly gentleman, whose appearance resembled the mirror of discontent, and who, with a head reclining to the earth, seemed to murmur as he walked at the unequal

distribution

distribution of providence, chanced to cast his eye upon the very spot where I lay, just beneath the surface. Staggered at the sight, he stopped, and with an eye lifted up to the clouds, seemed to correct the unjust accusations of his heart, and with a reverential awe stooped to take so valuable a piece from its yet undiscovered situation. But, alas! how vain, how blasted were his hopes, when, instead of a golden treasure, he found it to be nothing but a simple farthing! Disappointment, discontent, and indignation, seized his countenance, and, with a look of horror and confusion, he threw me with fury to the earth. His aged eyes were now lifted up, and with greater indignation seemed to indicate the insupportable agony of his heart. He had scarce turned the corner of the street, in this melancholy situation, before a young gentleman, or at least one who seemed so by his dress, raised me from the ground, and, with the greatest composure imaginable, committed me to his pocket. In this station I was hurried to half the coffee-houses in the city, and at last, by an odd method, left at the most reputable in the Strand. My new master, who I found was one who never refused a good opportunity in an honest way, happened to meet here a few young tradesmen, who were dividing the shares of a lottery ticket; he accordingly bid the waiter get a cup of chocolate, and he seemed entirely bent upon reading the newspaper.

One of the gentlemen, who had not a sufficiency of silver with him, in order to receive his exact proposition, enquired if any gentleman in the room could favour him with a guinea's worth of silver. My master, who waited for the word, replied immediately, with the greatest complaisance, in the affirmative, that he believed he could do it with half a guinea in gold, if that would be of any service. The gentleman, ignorant of his scheme, very cheerfully accepted of his offer, and I accordingly, instead of a genuine half guinea, slipped into his hand, and my master into the street. The young tradesman, as well as his companions, surprized at the sudden departure of my late master, was for some time at a loss to conceive the reason, until by opening his hand to recount the silver, he saw the barefaced imposition, and the cause of his recession. Enraged at the audaciousness of the impostor, and ashamed at the grossness of the imposition, he immediately went to the door, and threw me with the utmost strength into the air. Whirled from his hand with such impetuous fury, I flew through the vast expanse with the greatest celerity, and at last dropped at the door of a chandler's shop. The master himself, as it happened, was then at the door, and seeing me fall from the roof of the opposite house, stepped forth, and took me from the ground. My residence here indeed was but of short duration, for as it was now almost night, I was transmitted soon after to a poor woman,

in exchange for a halfpenny for a farthing candle. My poor mistress, for she was really in the greatest indigence, had not gone many steps, 'till by chance casting her eye upon me, she stopped, and starting at the sight, ran precipitately back to acquaint the tradesman with the mistake, and return it to its owner.

Trembling with horror and confusion, she now came to the door, and, with the greatest humility, intreated his forgiveness. The chandler, astonished at her behaviour, enquired the cause of her concern, and promised her, that if he could assist her with his pocket, or advice, he would readily do it. "Oh, Sir," cried she, with a deluge of tears, "you are too good, pity and forgive a poor unhappy woman, who has undesignedly robbed you of your own." "Robbed me!" replied he, with a countenance full of amazement, "Heavens! what is it you mean?" "This piece, Sir, which I received from your hands just now, instead of a farthing, I have brought back, fully sensible of what I have done, and the punishment that awaits my doings. What I have committed was done innocently, and had I been so fortunate as to have observed the piece before I left your shop, I had then been happy even in the midst of my sufferings. Oh! bounteous Sir, be merciful to an innocent, unhappy woman, pardon an injury which I have ignorantly committed, and of which I am truly guiltless in my heart: but if your justice will not permit mercy to forgive my offence, banish me, oh! banish me from my native land, and let my name and crime together be forgotten." "Good God," exclaimed he, with eyes devoutly lifted up, "and is there then such virtue left upon earth? weep not thou truly good woman, all is well; the piece which thy honest heart has now returned, keep in peace, for it is thine; but know, at the same time, that the strict honesty of thy intentions truly deserves what thou hadst not. Take it then cheerfully from my hand, and when thou shalt want another let me know it." Lost and amazed at this unexpected reception, she stepped back a few paces, and falling on her knees, returned him, with the most profound humility and gratitude, her unbounded thanks for his unexampled goodness, and even, with the greatest reluctance, received the half-guinea from his hand.

The poor creature had now put me in her pocket, and I was carried through several little dark alleys, which led to her lowly habitation. But it was now night, and passing through a bye lane, she was attacked by two men, who, with the usual address, demanded her money. Starting at the harsh expression which concluded the demand, she could scarce refrain from sinking to the ground, and putting her hand into her pocket, withdrew me from my situation, and, together with the half-guinea, delivered me into their hands. She was now dismissed

with

with a short imprecation, and I took up my lodging in a new habitation. Here I found myself in company with a few halfpence, a number of bad shillings, a diamond ring, and a pair of stone ear-rings. This pocket, I apprehend, was the general reservoir into which all prizes were conveyed as a public stock.

Through a number of bye lanes, and cross streets, I now travelled, and at last stopped at a little alehouse in Moorfields. Here I found was the general rendezvous; a number of the fraternity were assembled already, and as they belonged to one gang, they were all to produce their several gains, and receive equal shares. I now again made my appearance, and was produced upon the table; but as my inconsiderable worth was reckoned of no value, I was thrown aside, as a piece unworthy of their notice or acceptance. The landlord, however, seeing me so neglected, scrupled not to receive me, and even with the greatest pleasure put me into his pocket. My residence here was, indeed, but 'till the next morning; when, being sent to a baker's, at the opposite side of the street, for a farthing biscuit, I happened, in being thrown across the counter, to fall into a measure of flour. An odd situation I was now in, that is certain; and the baker worked it up, soon after I was enveloped, in the body of a large cake.

A little sweep, whose voracious appetite required some substantial food, happened the next day to fix upon this, which, with a pound or two of cheese, was to serve for his own and brother's breakfast. It was accordingly bought, and I was carried to a little hut in the neighbourhood, to be a sacrifice to their hungry bellies. Both cut cake, both cut cheese; but as I happened to be near the centre, I was not as yet discovered: at last his brother, who was by trade a tinker, having taken rather too large a slice, came in at once upon my body, and I was terribly wounded by the knife. As I was now almost cut through, a stratagem came immediately into his head to convert me into a sixpence. No sooner said than done, and in a few minutes I was coloured over, bent, and seemed to all appearance a real sixpence. I was directly exchanged for a pot of porter, and became the property of a corpulent landlady; from her I removed the next morning to a couple of Jack Tars, who came in, more flush of money than wit, to have a pint of rum, by way of a whet, in the morning. My stay with these jovial set of mortals was but short; the next house that met their sight was a tobacconist's; a pound of true York River was called for, and I was put into the tradesman's hands, with several other pieces.

The old gentleman, who being almost blind, had no other method to distinguish its goodness but by the sound, threw me with the rest upon the counter; the cheat was immediately discovered,

covered, and I was about to be returned to my late master, but alas! a hearty d—m was all the recompence the old gentleman received; and I was therefore fastened (where I now am) to the top of the counter, as a bad sixpence.

J. B.

Life of Dr. Forman, a Visionary and Astrologer.

SIMON FORMAN was born at Quidhampton, near Wilton, in Wiltshire, in 1552. He was troubled much with dreams and visions, says Wood, at the age of six years; and at eight he was placed under one Rideout, or Ridear, a minister, who, (according to the same writer) had been originally a cobler. Of him Simon learnt English, and something of the accidence, which forming the extent of his tutor's pretensions, the lad was sent to the free-school in the close at Salisbury, the master of which was noted for his severity. After a stay there of two years, he was put under one of the prebendaries of the cathedral in that city, named Minterne, who, being a covetous person, would remove his wood from one place to another in his house, for the purpose of warming himself, without being at the expence of making a fire; and the same course of economy and exercise he obliged his pupil to take. In the winter of 1563, Simon's father died; on which his mother, who it appears was of a very unfeeling disposition, took her son from school, and set him to keeping sheep, plowing, and gathering sticks.

At the age of fourteen he bound himself apprentice to a tradesman in Salisbury, who followed several callings, and was both a grocer and druggist.

His master finding him assiduous and careful, committed the shop almost wholly to him; but Forman gave himself much to reading, for which he was reproved by his master, who took away his books. At that time, says Wood, one Henry Gird, a kersey-weaver's son of Crediton, in Devonshire, boarded with his master, and went to school at Salisbury; and Simon being his bed-fellow, he learned all at night which Henry had learned at school in the day. Though this increase of knowledge was but little, it affords a commendable example of diligence. A neighbour's daughter fell in love with Simon, who, however, was so intent upon his books as to treat her affection with indifference. Owing to a quarrel with his master's wife, his indentures were given up before he was eighteen years old, on which he again went to school; but the want of means obliged him to leave it. His industry, however, had been such, that he was enabled to set up as a schoolmaster, whereby he gained 40s. in his purse. With this sum, not a trifling one at that

time, he went on foot with a companion to Oxford, where Simon became a poor scholar in the free-school belonging to Magdalen-college.

While at the university, he formed an intimacy with two of his countrymen, with whom he mis-spent his time in hunting and other extravagancies. At two years standing, he quitted college, and became a schoolmaster; studying also astronomy, physic, magic, and philosophy. "But these studies," says Wood, "especially astronomy (by which he means astrology) and magic, being but little used in those days, he suffered much trouble; and for practising physic, he lost his books and goods three times.

The same writer farther relates, but apparently without any real authority, that Forman travelled much into the eastern countries to seek after knowledge; and in his return from the Portugal voyage in 1583 (how could this be called an eastern country?) he settled in London, and dwelt in Philpot-lane about fourteen years, where he had much trouble with the doctors of physic, because he was not free among them, or graduated in the university. He was by them four times imprisoned, and once fined; yet at the last he overthrew them all in the common law, as also in chancery.

In 1603, being at Cambridge, that university conferred the degree of doctor of physic and astronomy upon him, with a licence to practise, from which time (saith the Oxford biographer) none durst meddle with him. But as the college of physicians had treated him so roughly, and doubtless with justice, considering that he was an arrant empiric, we may fairly call in question the propriety of the conduct of the learned university in thus prostituting its degree and license. There is another point in this account which requires an explanation that I am not able to give, and this is the meaning of a doctorate in astronomy. It is a faculty not now known, nor is it mentioned any where else, that I can remember.

But to return to Dr. Forman, for such he now was; on receiving his academical honours, he settled at Lambeth, to the profit and benefit (saith his biographer) of many. In what respects, however, he doth not mention, except that he was very charitable to the poor. He does, indeed, go on to say that Forman was very *judicious* and *fortunate* in resolving horary questions, especially concerning thefts; as likewise in sicknesses, which indeed was his master-piece; and he had good success in resolving questions about marriage, and in other questions very intricate.

The solemnity with which these several *excellencies* are stated, excites a smile at the extraordinary credulity which could swallow and report the practices of gross imposture.

Wood

Wood goes on to record some instances of Forman's sagacity; which, however, only serve to prove that he was a downright rogue. For it appears, that he was much in the confidence of that infamous favourite Robert Carr, earl of Somerset, and his countess, the murderers of Sir Thomas Overbury. That lady was before the wife of Robert, earl of Essex, from whom she obtained a divorce, on the pretended ground of his impotency. Forman is said, by the Oxford historian, to have made certain pictures in wax, representing Sir Robert Carr and the said lady, to cause a love between each other; with other such like things.

Wood says, that Forman died suddenly, and was buried, September 12, 1611, in Lambeth-church, leaving a widow, and some money and goods worth 1200l. But Lilly, the astrologer, gives a curious account of his death, which, as a story, may afford amusement, though it will not command belief.

"The Sunday night before Dr. Forman died, he and his wife being at supper in their garden-house, she said, in a pleasant humour, that she had been informed that he could tell whether man or wife would die first; and asked him whether she should bury him or not? 'Oh,' said Forman, 'you shall bury me; but thou wilt much repent it.' 'Then,' said she, in a true spirit of female curiosity, 'how long will that be?' To which he made answer, 'I shall die before next Thursday night be over.'

"The next day, being Monday, all was well; Tuesday came, and he was not sick; Wednesday came, and still he was well: and then his impertinent wife did twit him in the teeth with what he had said on Sunday. Impatient enough, it must be admitted. Thursday came, and dinner being ended, he was well, went down to the water-side, and took a pair of oars to go to some buildings he was in hand with at Puddle-dock; and being in the middle of the Thames, he presently fell down, and only said 'An impost, an impost,' and so died. Whereupon," adds Lilly, in the true cant of his profession, "a most terrible storm of wind immediately followed." (Life of Lilly, written by himself.)

Forman left a large stock of astrological manuscripts, and some on physic, divinity, and alchemy, behind him, which are in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. The profound Dr. Robert Fludd, the Rosicrucian, availed himself considerably of the papers of Forman in compiling his own cloudy books, which, though little known in England, attracted so much notice abroad as to be deemed worthy of an answer by the learned Peter Gassandi.

THE RING,

A Moral Tale.

By the Authoress of the Occasional Essays.

(Continued from Page 325.)

THE breakfast was ready at the appointed time; when the springs of loquacity, which began to grow tiresome the night before, were again set a going. A great concourse of people passing before the window, as if drawn together by some extraordinary occasion, Truman enquired of the landlord the occasion of the bustle.

"Lackaday! I forgot both clear and clean to inform your honour, as I intended when I came up. You must know, your honour, there was a sweet young man in our town, and vast sensible, if he had not been so foolish: but, your honour, he was always giving shillings, half crowns, and even guineas, though he had but two hundred a year, for every body knew his income, among all the poor riff raff of the place, and was poking his nose, though born a gentleman, in every hovel about. I don't say, your honour, but people should be charitable, and the parson tells us to be charitable, but then half-pence and pence is enough to give away to poor people. For my part, I never *gives* any thing; I *tells* them I *pays* poor rates, and should be a fool to give any more. Well, your honour, a great gentleman dies (the young man's uncle), and left him ten thousand pounds: with that he went up in my coach to London, to settle matters about the will, and receive the legacy; where, I can't tell how it was, but he got in with a parcel of sharpers, who all appeared like gentlemen, and got him to a hazard table, where he lost the whole of the money, and not only the legacy, but played away his little estate in the country, so that he became as poor as Job. Well, your honour, to make short of the story, his relations would not answer his letters, nor his friends lend him any money, so Old Nick put it into his head to blow his own brains out, and as the *crowner* would not bring it in *lunatic*, he was buried four days ago in the road; and last night the Devil (for it could be nobody else) came and scribbled some verses on a board, and set it up for a *tomb-stone*—I think they call it an *epithet*—and so all the fools are running to see it."

It is impossible to express how Truman was shocked at the recital, and Maria trembled extremely, and was quite overcome. Enquiring if he knew the tendency of the inscription, the landlord replied—"An' please your honour, my son Jack

has been taking them off on a slate, and is writing them out below: if your honour pleases, I will bring them up."

"You will infinitely oblige me."

And the landlord shortly returned with the following

EPITAPH ON A GAMESTER,

Who desperated by *folly*, and stung to *madness* by remorse, impiously *dared* to rush into the presence of his

GOD!

Unsummoned.

My main is set, my die is thrown,
And death has my last hazard won;
My body seiz'd by mortgagee,
Who never set a captive free.
Tho' well secur'd by thy dread locks,
Still elbows itch to *shake the box*.
One stake's yet left, and that's my whole:
Come, set me, Satan—*win my soul!*

Truman, after reading the lines, handed them to his daughter, without making any comment; then, turning to the landlord, enquired if the author was guessed at?

"An' please your honour, I told you before, it could be no other than the Devil himself, who came and scrawled it out in the night, when we good Christians were sound asleep. For though this be but a small town, yet, your honour, there be many of your betterish sort of people live here—vast sensible, good sort of folks, who would be above having any hand in your poetry stuff, or any such nonsensical matters. No! thank Heaven, your honour, we have not an author, or any such *shabberoon* in this town, or within a hundred miles of us."

"How can you be assured of that, Mr. Tunbelly?"

"Quite *sartin*, your honour; for I should know, by the cut of his jib, one of these *shabbs* in a moment: a burned child dreads the fire."

"I do not understand you?"

"Why one of these scrubs, your honour, would have taken me in for eighteen shillings, about six weeks ago, but I was down upon him in a jiffy. He had the wrong sow by the ear: Tom Tunbelly was up to the gossip, your honour; no running his rigs upon me."

"I do not altogether comprehend you, landlord; but in the cause of genius I cannot but feel myself warmly interested, and wish you to explain."

"It is about six weeks ago, as I was telling your honour, that one of my drivers brought a *cad*, as they call them, in the returned chaise. Well, my gem'man breakfasted and dined

in

in the traveller's room, but the Devil a thing beside—never even called for grog, or a glass of beer. O, ho! thinks I, I believe as how the *pence* may be a little scarce; if so, my master, the sooner you and I come to a reckoning the better. With that I tendered my bill, but the old tale of disappointment (for he pretended, too, that he was waiting for a gentleman, whose arrival was hourly expected) was all I received. But *honest* Tom, your honour, was not to be fobbed off with your tricks upon travellers. So, says I, my friend, you can as as well wait the gentleman's arrival in lob's pound as my house; and I shall immediately send for Kit Clench, the constable, by way of an escort. With that he began to bluster something about being a gentleman. Whew! says I, giving a loud whistle, and lifting up the flap of his moth-eaten rusty coat—here is gentility for you! smoke the gentleman! and I thought we should all have crackt with laughter. But a chaise and four driving furiously up, I was obliged to knock aside my *gentleman* to make room for my *lord*, for I could not have such *varmint* stop the way. But now, your honour, comes the cream of the jest. His lordship no sooner alighted but he runs up to my gentleman, with as much familiarity as if he had been a gentleman in good earnest: Mr. Merit, says his lordship, I am happy to see you; this is an unexpected pleasure indeed—and up stairs they went together. Well, soon after I was summoned, dinner ordered, and the earl's horses to be put up—and all this for a poet! as my lord's servants informed me, or I should never have known who he was: and when my lord stept into the carriage, took leave of him with as much respect as if it had been your honour."

"And why not, landlord?" replied Truman gravely.

"O, to be sure, your honour, I *says* nothing as to that; gentlemen are to do as they please; I am not to find fault with my customers: I was only going to tell your honour, how fortunate it was for me that his lordship should come so apropos to my house, and the fellow's ingratitude afterwards."

"Ingratitude to his lordship!"

"Not to his lordship, your honour, but to *me*, who had been such a *friend*."

Truman looked, or rather stared, on this *friendly* inn-keeper, as if to interrogate him in what charitable act his kindness had consisted, which Tunbelly rightly comprehending, proceeded thus:

"For you know, your honour, I had supported him a matter of four days before I asked him for money, and would not have turned him out then could he have paid his way: and yet as soon as his lordship had filled his purse, notwithstanding my civility, the scrub went to another house, and dashed off with the best of them. And this is a poet for you!"

" Then his lordship relieved him?"

" Gave him a fifty pound note, your honour, which he changed at the bank, not willing, I suppose, to let me see it; but, as I said before, I was up to all his *riggs*, and watched his motions: so when my gem'man returned, called to me as if I had been one of his equals, threw down the amount of my bill, with as great an air as if he had been a lord himself, and walked off to another house, without saying thank'e—so I think I have had enough of poets."

" Well, landlord, we shall not attempt to combat your prejudice; but will you have the goodness to inform me who this generous nobleman was?"

" O, as to generosity, your honour, I have nothing to say about the matter; every gentleman has a right to make ducks and drakes of his money if he pleases—for giving it to lazy, idle, beggarly poets, is nothing better. To be sure his lordship has the *character* of being generous; but I am for praising the bridge as it carries me over: I never saw much of his generosity. To be sure us landlords must stand on our *P's* and *Q's*, as I said before, and hear, see, and say nothing; but between ourselves, your honour, as large as his lordship's fortune is, for it is said he has a power of money, not much of it comes to the Lion."

" But you have not informed me, landlord, who the nobleman is, and I am anxious to hear."

" Why the great Lord Grandfield, your honour; I thought every body had heard of *he*.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES *of the late* COLONEL VASSALL.

COLONEL VASSALL, the gallant hero who so gloriously fell at the assault on Monte Video, leading [February 3, 1807,] on the brave 38th, was one of the younger sons of the late American loyalist of that name, who remained in America to the last moment that he could assist the royal cause. When a further struggle for his king would have been ineffectual, he sought an asylum in England; supporting an honourable independence upon a West India property, which alone remained to him from the revolution. Notwithstanding he had a numerous family, and had suffered great personal losses by his adherence to the mother country, his high and noble spirit would not permit him to receive any remuneration for the sacrifices which he had made—contenting himself with receiving back from government the advances which he had made for them whilst in America. On being earnestly pressed, by Lord George Germain,

Germain, to bring forward his claims, he modestly answered, "It shall never be said, that I emigrated from my own country to become a burden to this." So ardent was his attachment to the best of kings, that his family motto, being of the republican form, "*Sæpe pro rege, semper pro republicâ,*" he would never use it: such was the father, such the bright example of the gallant Colonel Vassall, who has just added another name to the long list of British patriots and British heroes, who have fought and died for their country.

This brave officer commenced his military career in the year 1779, at twelve years of age, and served in the 59th foot, at the siege of Gibraltar. He was singularly unfortunate in not obtaining promotion commensurate to his undisputed merits, although he purchased, "step by step;" and it was not until early in 1800, that he obtained a lieutenant-colonelcy, when he took the command of the 38th regiment, and went with it to Ireland, to receive 1000 drafts from the British militia; so active, indefatigable, and zealous was he, to render this regiment worthy of himself, that, although fresh recruited, in the space of a few months it was ordered by Sir William Medows on Dublin duty. The general was pleased to declare publicly, that the 38th was not excelled by any regiment in the service; and from that time to its sailing for the Cape, it was considered the "crack regiment" of Ireland. The soldiers, their wives and children, looked up to Colonel Vassall as their father; in return for this affectionate confidence, his highest felicity, next to that of serving his country, was in attending to their wants, in adding to their comforts, or in relieving their necessities.

Colonel Vassall was in the West Indies, and on every expedition, (Egypt alone excepted) either with his regiment or on the staff, during the two last wars. He was field-officer of the night, on the memorable 23d of July, in Dublin. His cool determined conduct on that occasion, gained him the thanks of the Irish government, and the applause of the general officers employed. His firmness on that night, preserved his life for a short time longer, to bless his family, and do honour to his country. Colonel Vassall had the honour of serving under the separate command of several distinguished generals, amongst whom were the late Marquis Cornwallis, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, Beresford, &c. &c. &c. who knew and justly appreciated his merits.

His private life was adorned with all the virtues, all the charities. His public life was one unbroken series of devotion to his sovereign, and to his country. He loved his family, for he was the best of husbands, the best of parents—he loved his kind, his kindred, his country, and his God. If he had one failing, it was a too great diffidence of his own transcendant abilities. In him the country has lost one of its brightest ornaments;

naments; the army one of its choicest flowers. But the loss of his disconsolate widow, and the dear pledges of their mutual undivided love, is irreparable! Oh! famed 38th! in the hour of action remember your brave leader, who lost his life rushing on with you to glory, and breathed his last with heroic exultation, that you had fought worthy of his great expectations of your character; let that remembrance animate you ever to preserve it.

A Copy of a Letter from Colonel Vassal's Orderly Serjeant, to an Officer of Distinction.

SIR,

PARDON me for taking this liberty, as the gratitude I owe to my ever-lamented and best friend, Colonel Vassall, obliges me to give you and his friends an authentic account of his last; I being his orderly serjeant, and the chief person to witness his bravery, and the gallant manner in which he acquitted himself in doing his duty, on the unfortunate hour in which he fell.

On our approach to the walls, we missed the breach, and the grape and musquetry flew so hot as drove the men in confusion, and numbers of them were about to retreat, but for his exertions. When he observed any of them stoop or flinch, he cried out as loud as possible "Damn it, men, don't flinch: every bullet has its billet; brush on, follow me, thirty-eight." He rallied them repeatedly in this manner, until he got them inside of the breach, when he immediately directed a party to take possession of the corner battery next the sea; which was done in a few minutes; and another party, under the command of Major Ross, to advance to the great church; and was advancing himself, when a grape-shot broke his left leg, and as soon as he fell, he cried out, "Push on, my good soldiers, charge them, never mind me, some body will take me up; its only the loss of a leg in the service." He sat up, and helped to tie on a handkerchief to stop the blood;—he cried all the time of the action, "I don't care for my leg, if my regiment do their duty, and I hope they will."

As soon as the town surrendered, and he heard the men cheer, he joined them, in as great spirits as if nothing had happened, and called to me to have him carried to the head of his regiment. I feel to the heart for his loss to his family; I could wish to have fallen with him sooner than part with a man who was so good a friend to me. At half-past three, on the morning of the 3d, he received his wound, and at one o'clock on the evening of the 7th he departed, and at eight on the same evening was interred, at the entrance of the great church, with all the military honours.

 B. MATTHEWS.

Character of the Subjects of Turkey, whether Mussulmen or Christians.

[From SEMPLE's Travels.]

THE different races which are under the Turkish government, continue as separate and distinct from each other as the first day of their being assembled together. The Turk, the Greek, the Armenian, the Jew, and the Frank, though living in the same city, or even the same village, inhabit houses differently laid out, eat a different food, speak different languages, wear a distinguishing dress, and worship God with different rites. Over the whole the Turk is the master: the first glance announces it. He is generally tall, robust, and well proportioned, and steps either with freedom or a settled gravity. His countenance, naturally fuller of expression than that of the northern European, is rendered still more martial by his whiskers and turban. Whatever may be his accidental profession he considers himself as born a soldier. It may be said that the subjects of the grand sultan are divided into casts, and that the Turk is the warrior or fighting tribe, which in all countries has ever been prone to abuse its strength, even without the additional incentive of difference in manners, language, and religion. It is not to be wondered at then, that the Turks should domineer over the Greeks and Jews, whom they regard as tributaries and slaves. Instances of oppression and insult, both general and individual, sometimes indeed occur of a nature so atrocious as almost to exceed belief. Having acquired these fine countries by the sword, they seem conscious that they hold them by no other right; and go always armed, carrying loaded pistols and a long dagger in their belt, and which being embossed with silver, they delight to exhibit and handle. With these sentiments, and surrounded only by slaves, they naturally acquire a haughty air, which, from the state of their manners, partakes of ferocity. At the smallest provocation, and most often without any at all, their hands are ready to strike an infidel, and they never dream of his having the madness or insolence to return the blow. If two stout Greeks be fighting in the street, a Turk comes between them, and pushes each a different way, and adds kicks and blows should they linger near each other. They look upon the life of an infidel as of little more value than that of a brute; and indeed do not seem to estimate their own at a very high rate. They have some traits of the true military character, are fond of horses and arms, and detest the sea. They delight in the pomp, and noise, and glitter of war; and they can blind themselves for a short time in the hour of battle to its dangers, but its incessant fatigues soon dishearten them; and although they insult the Christians

at

at Constantinople and Smyrna, they have learnt to tremble before them on the banks of the Danube and the borders of the Euxine. This, then, betrays the whole secret of their haughtiness: it is founded on the conquests of their remote ancestors, not on their own tried strength.

In a word, deluded by the semblance of war, and really enervated by long habits of peace, and by a religion, the rewards of which are entirely sensual, the Turk is willing to have a foretaste in this world of the cooling shades, the pure streams, the soft slumbers, and the houris of paradise. Tents adorned with fringes, horses gaily caparisoned, and splendid arms, serve only to wake him gently from those luxurious dreams, that he may fall to slumber again with a better relish, and dream that he is a soldier. So much of war as consists in that he does not dislike; but long and tedious marches, painful wounds—above all, the profound study and science of war, are wholly unsuited to his temper, at once impetuous and indolent. Where it is possible by a single violent exertion to obtain his end, the Turk may succeed; but disappointed in that first effort, he retires, like the tyger who has missed his spring, and requires a long interval of repose to recruit his scattered ferocity.

The radical and incurable defects of the Turkish character proceed, in my opinion, from their religion. All attempts of a legislature to define exactly, not merely what is vice and what is virtue, but also the daily and hourly duties of the man and the citizen, may form a peculiar and separate people, a nation of Jews or of Turks, but once formed, that nation remains for ever incapable of improvement. Such is the defect of the Koran. Its simple precepts, its strict prohibitions, were well calculated to bind together the wandering tribes of the Desert, but become too minute in some instances, and too desultory in others, when considered as the sole code of laws for an immense empire. Swathing clothes may strengthen the child, but, if not timely removed, effectually prevent its becoming a man. Mohammed fixed at once the moral limits of his people. He sketched no faint outline; but, on the contrary, marked it with so strong a hand, that the line of distinction is for ever drawn, not merely between the Turk and the Christian, but between the Turk and the philosopher. It is impossible to be a true Mussulman and a lover and cultivator of those arts and sciences which adorn and exalt mankind. The Koran must be laid aside before the sources of real knowledge can be opened. The Englishman, the Gaul, the German, and the Russian, may each preserve the characteristic manners and customs of his country and be a Christian; but the Jew or the Turk must be absolutely the same in all climates.

ART *of* MAKING GUNS.

THE art of making guns was discovered by a native of Germany in the year 1380, in the following manner: As this German was powdering brimstone in a mortar covered with a stone, which he struck with an iron pestle, a spark of fire falling amongst the powder caused such a flame to issue from the mortar, that it raised the stone to a great height. Perceiving this, he made a pipe of iron, tampered the powder with some other ingredients, and completed the deadly engine. The first people who used these destructive weapons were the Venetians, against the inhabitants of Geneva. It might, perhaps, have been well for the world in general, had the inventor carried this casual discovery to his grave. War, then, perhaps, would have been less bloody.

DRUNKEN POETS.

MARMONTEL, in his memoirs, gives the following anecdotes of two drunken poets of his day, who were then of considerable celebrity:

"I had often dined with two poets, whose genius was gaiety, and whose poetic fire never was so vivid as under the vine-arbour of a tavern. One of these, Galet, soon afterwards died of a dropsy; having been under the necessity of previously retiring to the Temple, which was then the asylum for insolvent debtors.

"Panard, the survivor, had in his manner, a great deal of the simple and unacted nature of La Fontaine. No exterior ever announced less delicacy; yet it was inherent in his fancy and in his language. When I wanted some pretty verses in compiling the Mercure of the month, I used to go and see my friend Panard. 'Rummage in my wig-box,' he used to say; and in this box were his verses heaped together in confusion, and scrawled on dirty strips of paper. Seeing almost all his manuscripts spotted with wine, I reproached him with it. 'O! take those, take those,' cried he; 'for they have the seal of genius.'

"After the death of his friend Galet, meeting him in my walks, I wished to express the part I took in his affliction. After complaining for some time, in a most natural and affecting manner, he melted into tears, and then added, 'You know that he died at the Temple. I went there to weep and lament at his tomb; but what a tomb! Ah! Sir, they have laid him under a *a water-spout!* He who, since the age of reason, never tasted water!"

Answer, by B. Belcher, Stonehouse, to J. Badcock's Charade, inserted February 9.

SOME like an apple, others like a cherry,
But the best fruit I like is the STRAWBERRY.

*** Similar answers have also been received from Rusticus, of Awliscombe; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; J. Whitnell, of Street; S. D. and F. Arden, of South Petherton; J. C. Cooke, H. Ellis, H. Stoneman, and J. S. of Exeter; W. D. of Bristol; W. D. Champion, Bridgewater; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Medland, of St. Budeaux; J. Woodman, of North Curry; H. Easter, of Poole; P. Ninnis, and Juvenis, of Tavistock; J. Joyce, and John Tucker, of Tiverton; William Cave, of Pitney; R. Gidley, of Dean Prior; T. Coumbe, and J. Colley, of St. German's; J. Ryan, of Stonehouse; William Varcoe, of Mevagissey; T. Bullock, of St. Columb, and R. Trewavas.

Answer, by J. Tucker, of Tiverton, to T. Rutger's Charade, inserted February 9.

WITH glimm'ring light, scarce keeping in,
In sickness I've the RUSH-LIGHT seen.

☞ We have received the like answer from a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; John Ryan, of East Stonehouse; J. C. Cooke, J. S. and H. Stoneman, of Exeter; John Woodman, of North Curry; Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Whitnell, of Street; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; W. D. of Bristol; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; H. Easter, of Poole; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; W. Cave, of Pitney; P. Codd, of Plymouth; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; G. P. O. of Beer; W. H. H. of Totnes; R. Gidley, of Dean Prior; and F. Arden, of South Petherton.

Answer, by M. P. Moyle, Marazion, to Somebody's Charade, inserted February 9.

IF you'll allow me right to guess,
RYAN, I think, your lines express.

*** Similar answers have been received from H. Easter, of Poole; J. S. and B. Ellis, of Exeter; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Woodman, of North Curry; F. Arden, of South Petherton; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; W. Cave, of Pitney; a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; B. Belcher, of Stonehouse; Loosemore, and J. Joyce, of Tiverton; W. D. of Bristol; J. Whitnell, of Street; G. P. O. of Beer; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; and T. Bullock, of St. Columb.

A CHARADE, *by H. Easter, of Poole.*

A Point of wind you'll first propound;
My next in holy scripture's found;
These parts, if you do rightly frame,
I'm sure you'll quickly tell my name.

A CHARADE, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

MY first is Satan's journeyman,
Who still for mischief lurks;
My second is a useful man,
Who in the dock-yard works;
My whole, ye bards, without disguise,
Before you I submit;
A noun adjective it implies,
Which signifies unfit.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The LORD's DAY

SACRED day of hallow'd rest,
Welcome to the peaceful breast;
Toil and labour now are o'er;
We should gratefully adore.

Wisely set apart, and given
To improve the gifts of Heaven;
To withdraw from worldly care,
And engage in praise and prayer.

More than blest when Christ arose,
Burst the tomb, and foil'd his foes;
Blest, indeed, when he bestow'd
The pentecostal gift of God.

Happy period of release!
Pregnant with delight and peace;
Emblem of the bliss of those,
Who in endless joys repose.

Dock, Devon.

The ORPHANS.

MY chaise the village inn did gain,
Just as the setting sun's last ray
Tipt with refulgent gold the vane,
Of the old church across the way.

A faded beech its shadow brown
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept:
On which, tho' scarce with grass o'ergrown,
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seem'd inclin'd to take;
And yet they look'd so much a prey
To want, it made my heart to ache.

" My little children, let me know,
" Why you in such distress appear;
" And why you wasteful from you throw
" That bread which many a heart would cheer?"

The little boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, whilst tears each other chas'd,
" Lady, we've not enough to eat,
" And if we had, we would not waste.

" But sister Mary's naughty grown,
" And will not eat, whate'er I say,
" Tho' sure I am, the bread's her own,
" And she has tasted none to-day."

" Indeed

" Indeed (the wan, starv'd Mary said),
" 'Till Henry eats I'll eat no more;
" For yesterday I got some bread;
" He's had none since the day before."

My heart did swell, my bosom heave;
I felt as tho' depriv'd of speech—
I silent sat upon the grave,
And press'd a clay-cold hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of woe,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shiv'ring boy did nearer draw,
And thus their tale of woe impart—

" Before my father went away,
" Entic'd by bad men o'er the sea,
" Sister and I did nought but play—
" We liv'd beside yon great ash tree.

" And then poor mother did so cry,
" And look'd so chang'd I cannot tell;
" She told us that she soon should die,
" And bade us love each other well.

" She said that when the war is o'er,
" Perhaps we might our father see;
" But if we never saw him more,
" That God our father then would be.

" She kiss'd us both, and then she died,
" And we no more a mother have—
" Here many a day we sat and cried
" Together on poor mother's grave.

" But when our father came not here,
" I thought if we could find the sea,
" We should be sure to meet him there,
" And once again might happy be.

" We hand in hand went many a mile,
" And ask'd our way of all we met,
" And some did sigh, and some did smile,
" And we of some did victuals get.

" But when we reach'd the sea, and found
" 'Twas one great water round us spread,
" We thought that father must be drown'd,
" And cried, and wish'd us both were dead.

" So we return'd to mother's grave,
" And only long with her to be!
" For Goody, when this bread she gave,
" Said father died beyond the sea.

" Then since no parents have we here,
" We'll go and seek for God around;
" Lady, pray can you tell us where
" That God our father may be found?

" He lives in Heaven mother said,
" And Goody says that mother's there;
" So if she thinks we want his aid,
" I think, perhaps, she'll send him here."

I clasp'd the prattlers to my breast,
And cried, come both, and live with me;
I'll clothe ye, feed ye, give ye rest,
And will a second mother be.

And God will be your father still,
'Twas he in mercy sent me here,
To teach you to obey his will,
Your steps to guide, your hearts to chees.